EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

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WILLIAM
HERBERT
CARRUTH

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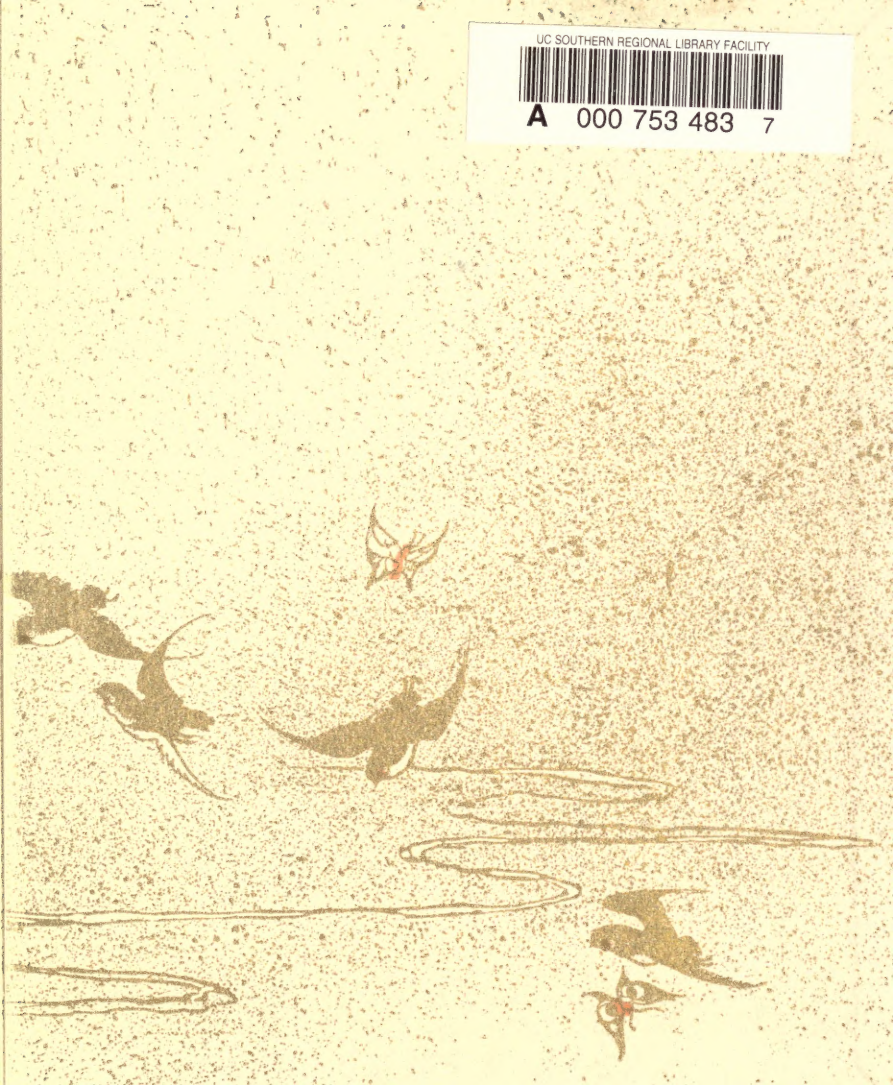
A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the
cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law
and beauty,
And a face turned
from the clod —
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it
God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the
cornfields
And the wild geese
sailing high;
And all over upland and
lowland
The charm of the
golden-rod, —
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it
God.

Like tides on a crescent
sea-beach,
When the moon is
new and thin,
Into our hearts high
yearnings
Come welling and
surging in;
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot
has trod,
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it
God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for
her brood,
Socrates drinking the
hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble
and nameless,
The straight, hard
pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it
God.

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